

BRADFORD OPINION.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

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STAR HALL, ELY, VT. LARGE AND
well fitted up for accommodation of Dances
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sonable rates.

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turer of all kinds of Harness. Repair-
ing done in the best manner. Main St., Op-
posite Hotel, West Fairlee.

The Meeting-Place.

Where the faded flower shall freshen—
Freshen nevermore to fade;
Where the shaded sky shall brighten—
Brighten nevermore to shade;
Where the sun-blaze never scorches;
Where the star-lights never chill;
Where no tempest stirs the echoes
Of the wood, or wave, or hill;
Where the moon shall wake in gladness,
And the morn shall joy prolong;
Where the daylight dies in fragrance,
Mid the burst of holy song;
Brother, we shall meet and rest
Mid the holy and the blest.

Where no shadow shall bewilder;
Where life's vain parade is o'er;
Where the dream of sin is broken,
And the drearier dream is o'er;
Where the bond is never severed—
Partings, claspings, sob and moan—
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
Heavy morn—dew all are done;
Where the child has found its mother;
Where the mother finds the child;
Where dear families are gathered,
That were scattered on the wild;
Brother, we shall meet and rest
Mid the holy and the blest!

Where the hidden wound is healed;
Where the blighted life re-blooms;
Where the smitten heart the freshness
Of its buoyant youth resumes;
Where the love that here we lavish
On the withering leaves of time,
Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on
In an ever spring-bright elime;
Where we find the joy of loving,
As we never loved before—
Loving on, unchilled, unhindered—
Loving once and evermore;
Brother, we shall meet and rest
Mid the holy and the blest!

Where a darkened world shall brighten,
Under a bluer sphere,
And a softer, gentler sunshine
Shed its healing splendor here;
Where earth's barren wastes shall blossom,
Putting on their robes of green,
And a purer, fairer Eden
Be where only wastes have been;
Where a King in kindly glory,
Such as earth has never known,
Shall assume the righteous scepter,
Claim and wear the heavenly crown;
Brother, we shall meet and rest
Mid the holy and the blest!

CHEERFUL HOMES.

A house surrounded with a green lawn al-
ways has a cheerful look, even
though the building itself may be
poor, and may have no trees or
shrubs around it. A house in the
country, with no grass around it,
looks desolate, however elegantly it
may be built and furnished. We
ought to remember this in the ar-
rangements of our grounds, and
provide the green setting which
will give beauty to the humblest
home, and increased attractive-
ness to the most elegant. This col-
or of green is an element of beauty
of which we never tire. Nature uses
the varied tints of it with a lavish
hand. The fields and woods, from
early spring until the blighting
frosts, display these tints in bound-
less profusion, yet they are always
grateful and refreshing to the eye.
If we follow the teachings of na-
ture we shall surround our homes
with the color she loves best. We
shall spread out the luxuriant lawn,
we shall group the trees in suitable
places for beauty and shade, and
we shall leave plenty of open space
for the glad sunshine to send its
light and cheer. Those with wealth
at their command can have expen-
sive lawns, nicely shaven; but the
poor and those in ordinary cir-
cumstances can give brightness to their
homes by surrounding them with
grass or clover, which will give its
boon of refreshing green, and at the
harvest can be turned into food for
the horse or cow or goat. In this
way any home, however humble, can
have a wealth of beauty at no ex-
pense, for the useful product will
more than repay the cost.

TO CLEAN PAINT. A correspondent
says: Use but little water at a
time; keep it warm and clean by
changing it often. A flannel cloth
takes off fly specks better than cot-
ton. Soap will remove the paint; so
use but little of it. Cold tea is the
best liquid for cleaning varnished
paint, window panes and mirrors.
A sharp piece of wood is indispen-
sible for cleaning corners. A saucer
of sifted ashes should always be
at hand to clean unvarnished paint
that has become badly smoked; it
is better than soap. Never put
soap upon glass unless it can be
thoroughly rinsed off, which can never
be done to window glass. Wash
off the specks with warm tea, and
rub the panes dry; then make a
paste of whiting and water, and
put a little in the center of each
pane. Take a dry cloth and rub it
all over the glass, and rub it off
with a chamois skin or flannel, and
your windows will shine like crys-
tal.

A Romance of the Pier.

Miss Ponsonby had just arrived
at Narragansett Pier; had just left
the boat which had conveyed her
away from the gayety and dissipa-
tion of Newport, and was safely en-
cumbered in one of the hotels that
lined the beach. Not a picturesque
row, perhaps, yet within whose walls
are found much pleasure and a great
deal of delightful company.

Yes, Charlotte Ponsonby had
bade adieu to her Newport queen-
ship for a time, and armed with a
vast array of trunks had come to
take the pier by storm. It was
whispered in the hotel that the hei-
ress had arrived, and gossip heads
were put together, saying, "Now
we shall see some gorgeous dressing,
and, of course, you've heard of the
diamonds."

So my heroine's first appearance
below-stairs was an hour of immense
excitement to every one. She had
arrived in the afternoon boat and
gone straight to her apartments, and
that evening had taken tea in her
room. Admitted to this sanctu-
ary, one solitary and blissful female,
by name Virginia Hartright, had
seen the goddess in a peignoir, be-
witchingly becoming, with its wat-
teau and blue bows; and she com-
municated the fact to her compan-
ions below-stairs, adding that "the
lace trimmings were like cobwebs;
and that Charly's hair was longer
than ever, as it hung down over the
entrancing peignoir in a glorious
golden mass."

Virginia was a heroine that night,
and an eager crowd gathered around
her to listen to all she had to say.

The next morning Charlotte Pon-
sonby appeared at breakfast. Her
toilet was simplicity itself, and some
persons were disappointed.

"Only a cheap muslin, you know,
and not an ornament of any kind
except a silver dagger run through
her braids, and yet she looked very
distinguished. But if that's the
way they dress over in Newport,
why, then, we in Narragansett are
ahead of them."

Not unaware of the regards turned
towards her, Miss Ponsonby, se-
ated by the side of her aunt and
chaperone, Mrs. Dater, calmly re-
garded her breakfast, calmly re-
garded the people with her quiet, violet eyes,
and yet her regard was constantly
on the alert in reality for one face,
for one form—the face and form of
Ernest Blakeslie, whose sad, intel-
lectual countenance, and slouching
though not ungraceful gait were
well known to her. A girl of strong
common sense and infinite daring
was Charlotte Ponsonby; the last
one you would have thought to care
for a man like Blakeslie, and yet,
incongruous as love is, she was at
least interested in him.

Ah! there he is, carelessly slouch-
ing in his white flannel coat infi-
nitely becoming to him, a fan in his
hand, which he waves idly to and
fro. Color burns on Miss Pon-
sonby's face. He stops to speak to
friends here and there at the differ-
ent tables. The girls smile sweetly
upon him. The mamma is cordial,
for though he is a penniless
young fellow, and as such not con-
sidered exactly a person to be en-
couraged, he yet is a favorite with
every one, so bright a smile lights up
his face when he speaks, and he is
so full of quiet drollery.

On, on he comes; he is near—
"By Jove!" he says, below his
breath. "You here?" And in a mo-
ment he has taken the vacant chair
by Miss Ponsonby's side.

"Yes, we are here," replies Mrs.
Dater. "Tired to death of New-
port, you know, and ready for the
more subdued gayety of Narragan-
sett."

"You haven't the Narragansett
blues, I hope?"
"No, indeed," replied Charly.—
"We are quite delighted with the
place."

"Well, I'm glad of that," he said.
"All strangers have the blues at
first. You are an exception." He
regards her strangely, searchingly,
with eager, hungry eyes. "How
could you leave Newport?" he asks.
"You who are its queen?" A quick
flush passes over her face. She
laughs a thrilling laugh.

"Women are capricious, you
know; and it was my caprice. But
tell me what is on the tapis here?
Anything to-day?"

"A gemman at the C—Hotel
this afternoon, a tea-party on the
rocks at six o'clock. In the even-
ing a hop at the M—House."

"Ah! you are very gay here, Mon-
sieur," she lightly said.

Just then a fantapied her on the
shoulder. "Good morning, ma mie,"
spoke a sprightly voice, that of Vir-
ginie Hartright. "I have an invi-
tation for you to the german at the
C—Hotel this afternoon."

"Thanks," said Miss Ponsonby.
"From whom does it come?"

"From a friend—Mrs. Manie."

"She is very kind."

Virginia passed on her way to
her seat at a table near.

"You will dance with me, will you
not? If not previously engaged, of
course."

She looked up at him and saw
upon his face a strange, pleading
look.

"Perhaps," he said in a low voice,
"perhaps I should not ask; it is
presumption. I have not the right."

Why could she not speak? A
strange feeling choked her. For
worlds she could not have said a
word. It was a moment of embar-
rassment to both.

"I see your answer in your eyes.
No; do not speak it. Well, you
are right. Most women would not
be so frankly kind."

"You are wrong," she murmured
in a weak voice; but he did not
hear—he was gone.

Miss Ponsonby was very wretch-
ed that day. She did not go to the
german, but accepted invitations to
the tea on the rocks and the hop in
the evening. The former was a very
pleasant affair to every one but
Charly; and though she appeared
to enjoy it she was in reality miser-
ably wretched. Stonington Far-
leigh devoted himself to her; one
of those desperate society flirts who,
ensconced behind eyeglasses and
plenteous whiskers, break or at-
tempt to break hearts ad libitum.

At his tongue's end are sentimental
stanzas from Owen Meredith and
Tennyson, and he understands
thoroughly the art of appearing to
be desperately in love, when in re-
ality he is incapable of the feeling.
He sprawls himself at Charly's feet
and gazes up into her eyes, and the
nonsense he speaks clashes on Miss
Ponsonby's ear, though she attempts
to reply to it in his own strain, the
more so as she sees Ernest Blakes-
lie talking in so devoted a style to
that sweet-faced though dowdy Miss
White, a very affected little thing
from Boston. Ernest is clever; in-
deed, he is possessed of eminent
talents, and the pretty Bostonian is
literary. How Charly hates her in
that moment! How glad she is
when the fire on the rock is out,
when they all saunter towards their
different conveyances. How glad,
indeed, to be at home in the hotel,
up in her room ready to array her-
self in laces and diamonds for the
hop. She has been very simple in
her dress to-day, but of what use?

Things have gone wrong with her.
To-night she will bloom out in her
old gorgeousness, display all the
wealth of which she is said to be so
proud, wear the diamonds, and with
the glitter hope to dazzle the min-
ions who are sure to gather at the
shrine.

A Narragansett mist, like rain, is
over everything. It penetrates
through the light blue silk that dis-
plays to advantage a black lace
overdress, and the diamond aigrette
sparkles in her hair, and the bril-
liant rays of the solitaires in her
ears are dazzling. The necklace,
too, glitters on the black lace cover-
ing her neck, and altogether Miss
Ponsonby is herself to-night—rich,
beautiful, bent on conquest. Care-
lessly throwing a Spanish lace scarf
over the high comb on her head,
she is ready to join the party bound
for the hop. The ladies are wild
about her now, and her toilet and
diamonds are amply commented
upon. Stonington Farleigh is daz-
zled by her brilliance and is more
devoted than ever. Arrived at the
hop, the men crowd around. It be-
ing Saturday night many New
Yorkers, freed from the burdens of
business cares, have fled from the
city to get a breath of ocean air.
They are glad to see their old idol,
and worship at her shrine now as
they used to do in the winter, and
yet Miss Ponsonby is very sad.

"They all worship my gold," she
thought. "They do not one of them
love me. There is only one who I
thought could do that, and I have
loved him; yes, suffered myself to
love him; to hope that I might let
him know in some way that if he
chose he might have me. But he
is poor and proud, and I, when the
opportunity comes, fail to make my-
self understood. I cannot be un-
mannerly, and yet I am losing him.
After all, does he care? He can
easily enough forget me for silly Miss
White. Does he think she appreci-
ates his talents more highly than I?
Ah! he does not know how I wor-
ship his genius!"

"You are distraite," murmured
Stonington Farleigh. "Come out
and have a talk on the veranda."

And she goes; and so the even-
ing passes away, and the first of
her days at Narragansett is ended.

We shall not enter into the de-
tails of the events which occurred
during the next week. Suffice it to
say that they had their modicum of
gayety; germans at the Jones Hill,
clam-bakes, luncheons at the studio,
dips in the surf, where pretty bath-
ing-dresses were displayed on pret-
ty forms. Miss Ponsonby was even
here the queen of all, for she was a
born swimmer, and her graceful
evolutions were the envy of all the
girls. Sometimes, with a merry
party, she bowled instead of bath-
ing, and though the alley was an
easy one to play in, her skill was
great.

That Miss Ponsonby was a belle
every one acknowledged. That she
should be, surprised no one; for it
was simply an established fact that
Miss Ponsonby was always a belle.
The days thus passed along;
summer days, when it is pleasant
to lounge and be lazy; when life
seems only a bright dream, contain-
ing no realities.

A sky unusually brilliant lit up the
bay and pier one morning two weeks
from the events recorded above.
A picnic was on the tapis, and had
created unusual excitement. Point
Judith with its far-famed light-house
was to be the destination, and the
ladies were busy arranging cos-
tumes that would not be spoilt by
"roughing it," and yet should be
both becoming and stylish. Shade
hats and jaunty Leghorns were
brought out and placed on shapely
heads. Large wagons were hired
for the occasion and appropriately
decorated, and the afternoon of the
picnic proved superb. A party of
four occupied a rockaway turnout,
such as is common to Narragansett,
and in this party was included Miss
Ponsonby and Mr. Farleigh, Miss
Hartright and a Mrs. Manie.

Gaily the party sped away from
the hotel—smiles and laughter the
order of the day. The drive was
superb along the road by the rocks,
then off into the country, kissed by
the rays of the bright August sun,
at last reaching the jut of land called
Point Judith. Arrived here, couples
paired off on the beach to see the
wreck and have quiet flirta-
tions. Some of the older people re-
mained behind to prepare a colla-
tion, others ascended the tortuous
stairs of the light-house to inspect
the famous light.

Charlotte Ponsonby felt somehow
very lonely and sad, and refused to
accompany any of her friends on
the beach. She aided the older la-
dies in preparing the collation, but
when that was done ate little and
seemed not herself.

"To-day is the last day I shall
stay at Narragansett," she was say-
ing to herself. "Monday I shall
leave, and I think I shall return di-
rectly to New York and prepare to
go abroad. It is no use my conceal-
ing the fact that my visit here is a
failure, for the purpose I proposed
to execute is an impossibility. He
does not care for me; indeed, I be-
lieve, he loves another. Such is
life and such the penalty of riches.
One cannot have everything in this
world; I must be content!"

Charly Ponsonby scarcely knew
how she managed to get through
with the picnic. She hoped that
she laughed at the right time,
though she felt much more like cry-
ing. After an age, it seemed to her,
they all prepared to return to the
hotel. Once more she was in the
carriage; once more Stonington
Farleigh's nonsense grated upon her

ears. Then there was silence for a
time, and then they all began to
sing. The music floated out on the
night air and seemed somehow to
soothe Charly Ponsonby's ruffled
spirit. She did not know how soon
she was to be aroused, yet, sudden-
ly, the horses started, reared and
plunged, then tore around frantically
in a circle; again made a circle
in the sand and dashed up against
the house.

"My darling!" murmured an im-
passioned voice.
"Ernest, you do love me?" feebly
replied poor, bruised Charly.

From that moment there was per-
fect understanding between the two.
What Miss Ponsonby had come to
Narragansett to accomplish was ac-
complished in a way she never
dreamed of.

Charlotte Ponsonby did not go
abroad, neither did she marry Ston-
ington Farleigh. A quiet wedding
took place in New York the next
winter, a wedding wondered at by
every one; yet the world need not
have been so surprised, for love of
ten plays strange freaks.

Miss Ponsonby disappeared from
society, and Ernest Blakeslie's wife
led him on to the exercise of those
talents which she always so much
admired in him.

The waves of Narragansett have
listened to many a love-tale, and
we hope that all have ended as bliss-
fully as this.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS. A good
many years ago, in a Vermont coun-
try village, lived two gentlemen who
looked very much alike. One was
a minister, and the other a violin-
player, whose gifts and skill were
at that day in much request. This
position of things gave rise to the
following "comedy of errors."

As the minister was one day lei-
suredly walking the streets, a couple
of negroes approached him. One of
them remarked to the other:

"Dat's him now—I know him for
I have seen him often."

"Well, speak to him then," said
the other.

"No, Pete, you speak to him."
Noticing that they wished to hold
some intercourse with him, the do-
minie turned round and said:

"Do you wish to speak to me?"

"Yes, sar; we want to know if
you be particularly engaged next
Monday evening?"

"No, I believe not," replied Mr.
N., the idea of a wedding pre-
sented itself, which was not to be
slighted on account of the color of
the parties; "what is it you want?"

"We want you, if you are cus-
tomed to 'ficiate for colored persons
who are willing to pay, next Mon-
day evening, at the Red House near
the toll-gate."

"O, yes. It's not my practice to
refuse any one on such occasions.
At what hour do you wish me to
come?"

"Early candle-light, massa, if you
please. We've not had any thing of
the kind in a good while."
"Very well, I'll be there," replied
the dominie, as he turned upon his
heel, thinking that the remark that
they had had nothing of the kind
in a good while meant that no wed-
ding had transpired among them in
some time.

True to his appointment, Dominie
N. was at the house designated in
good season. The door opened into
the principal room of the house,
around which sat some twenty or
thirty of Africa's sable children,
dressed in their very best. Accord-
ing to the instruction they had re-
ceived from one of their number,
they all rose at his entrance. He
took a proffered seat, which was be-
hind a little desk at one end of the
room, for a moment, and then re-
marked, if the parties were all ready
they had better immediately take
their places.

In a moment all was bustle and
confusion. While some removed
the chairs from the room, eight
couple formed, as if for a quadrille.
The dominie stared round in utter
amazement, when he who had been
spokesman in engaging him at the
village a few days before, coming
up to him, his month grinning from
ear to ear, said:

"Massa Fuse, habent you brought
your fiddle with you? We habent
got one here."

"Fuse! Fiddle! What do you

mean?" exclaimed the dominie, the
whole affair beginning to dawn up-
on his already quick mind. "Isn't
this to be a wedding?"

"O, no, Massa Fuse; we should
have the dominie here first, if we had
a wedding."

The dominie saw at a glance that
he had been sold, and simply giving
his name and occupation, which had
about the same effect on the darkies
as if a bombshell had suddenly
dropped among them, he rushed
from the house.

THE BEST SOCIETY.—"No com-
pany, or good company," was a mot-
to given by a distinguished man to
all his young friends. It was a mot-
to he had always endeavored to fol-
low as far as lay in his power, and
it was a very wise one. The direc-
tions of the bible are many with re-
gard to evil company, and all through
it we are taught to shun such soci-
ety, lest we get a snare to our souls.

Another man, of high position in
the world, made it a rule to associ-
ate with high-minded, intelligent
men, rather than with fashionable
idlers; and he said he had derived
more intellectual improvement from
them than from all the books he ever
read.

Sir Fowell Buxton often spoke of
the great benefits he had derived
from his visits to the Gurney fam-
ily.

His words make example stimulat-
ing him to make the most of his pow-
ers. "It has given a color to my
whole life," he said. Speaking of
his success at the university, he re-
marked, "I can ascribe it to nothing
but my visits to this family, where
I caught the infection of self-im-
provement."

Surely, if our visits have such an
influence upon our characters for
life, it should be a matter of serious
importance to us in what families
we allow ourselves to be intimate.
Boys and girls form attachments
very easily, and often with very lit-
tle forethought. In this, as in all
things else, you should not fail to
take advice of those who are older
and wiser, and never, never choose
for a friend one against whom you
have been warned by those who
dearly love you.

There are people whose very pres-
ence seems to lift you up into a bet-
ter, higher atmosphere. Choose
such associates whenever it is in
your power, and the more you can
live in their society the better, for
both mind and heart. "He that
walketh with wise men shall be
wise; but a companion of fools
shall be destroyed."

AN ELOQUENT EXTRACT.—"Gen